

# MORRISON'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

Copyrighted 1882 by JOHN W. MORRISON. [Entered at the Post Office, New York, as second class matter.] Feb. 4, 1882.

Vol. I. No. 25.

\$2.50 per  
Year.

JOHN W. MORRISON, PUBLISHER,  
13 and 15 Vandewater St., N. Y.

6 Months  
\$1.25.

Price 3 Cents.

## Jesse James and His Pals.



"Jesse James, by all that's holy!" exclaimed Jim Green, peering down at the bold desperado.



# SENSATIONAL SERIES

## Jesse James and His Pals.



Jesse James, for all these years, has been the most famous of the bold desperadoes of the West.



# Jesse James and His Pals.

## PROLOGUE.

"Daring men there are,  
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,  
The world their field, and human kind their prey."

War creates innumerable miseries and is ever fraught with the greatest dangers to a nation.

Amongst the legacies always bequeathed by the Demon War to a country, is to be found a large criminal class.

Men who have waded in gore, who have shot down their brothers in cold blood, who have lived but for the purposes of slaughter and have been taught that pillage is one of the easiest ways to obtain a living, find it very difficult to lay down the rifle and take up the spade, to break the sword and sharpen the ploughshare.

In every country there are many of the most daring criminals who have served an apprenticeship in the army.

In our land we can point to many such.

Perhaps the pages of criminal literature never recorded greater villainy, more daring courage or more hairbreadth escapes than the history of the James Boys.

In number four of our Sensational Series, we gave a brief memoir of these wonderful men, and now we give a few scenes from their eventful lives.

We have no plot to mature, no imagination to draw upon; what we record is a simple, perhaps detached, but true narrative of deeds of shame and works of blood.

The James Boys are essentially a legacy from the war of the Union.

From 1861 to 1865, a band of ruffians fought under the banner of secession led by the notorious Quantrell.

These guerillas were not legitimate Confederate soldiers, but men brought together by a desire for murder and pillage.

The name of Quantrell's Guerrillas is still one of dread and horror to thousands of families in Missouri.

It was with this gang of outlaws that Jesse James and his elder brother Frank commenced their career of plunder, highway robbery and cold-blooded, brutal murder.

## SCENE I.

### THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Just after the war when all the country was in commotion, and military rule prevailed in most of the Secession states, a band of desperadoes, principally selected from Quantrell's Guerrillas, was prowling about Missouri.

The leader of the gang was Jesse James, and his pals were the equally notorious Younger Brothers and Parmer.

Jesse had some private business to attend to before he fully organized his band of ruffians.

Returning to the meeting place, which was to be near the town of Liberty, Jesse James found his purse deficient of those dollars which are so useful in everyday life.

Wondering whether he should call and see his step-father,

Dr. Samuels, and borrow some money of him, he was aroused from his thoughts by hearing the rumbling of a farmer's wagon.

"Just the thing," soliloquized Jesse; "the man has been to market and is bound to have plenty of money."

Concealing himself within the shade cast by a group of trees, he awaited the farmer's coming.

As the lumbering wagon neared him, he stuck his spurs into his horse's side.

The horse darted into the road.

This action caused the farmer to hold in his reins.

"Halt!" cried Jesse James.

"What is the matter?" asked the farmer.

"I want your pocket-book!"

"You viper, you shan't have it!" said the farmer, at the same time wondering how he could possibly resist, if the robber was armed.

"Yes, I will," answered Jesse as he pointed a revolver at the farmer's heart.

"My God! What shall I do?"

"Quick! the pocket-book or your life!"

"I am poor——"

"So am I. When I count three, a bullet goes through your heart, unless I have your pocket-book."

"Mercy, my wife——"

"One."

"I have to pay——"

"Two."

"Let me give you half," commenced the farmer, but Jesse had still his revolver aimed at the farmer's heart.

The click of the revolver was heard.

"Here is my money—all I have," quickly said the farmer.

Jesse took it and rode rapidly away.

Jesse rode on, well satisfied with the few dollars he had stolen.

Arrived at a small cabin or hut, he determined to ask for refreshments, as it was some hours since he had tasted food.

The last town he had neared was a caution to him. He was quickly informed that the police were searching for him with a view to ending his career.

"No! No! Jesse James has much to do before he finds himself in the hands of the police," he thought.

At the cabin he found what he wanted.

He was not known.

After he had finished his repast he rose to depart and join his pals.

When he was mounted his host muttered to himself:

"I am certain it's him. I can't be mistaken. If that man ain't Jesse James, I'm a darned liar. The scoundrel, it was he who led the Guerrillas when they burned my house."

He cautiously seized his gun and, holding it behind him, went to the cabin door.

"D—n the villain," he said, and then raising his voice he called to his late guest, who had only just started: "Mr. James?"

"Yes," answered Jesse, for the moment forgetting his caution.

"You've forgotten something."



"What?"

"Why! that you were with Quantrell when he burned my house."

As he spoke he raised his gun and fired straight at the horseman.

Jesse felt the thoroughbred bound convulsively beneath him.

Uttering a fearful oath, his eyes blazing with anger and vengeance, he sprung from his horse, but stuck to the reins, and drawing his pistol dashed after his assailant, who, having discharged his gun, was about to re-enter the cabin.

Jesse knew he now had the fellow at his mercy, and approaching the cowering dog with a ferocious expression in his firmly set teeth and glistening glances, roared out a volley of not very choice adjectives at the would-be murderer, who felt his attempt deserved and would meet with no mercy at the hands of the guerrilla.

Jesse James felt he had no time to lose, even for vengeance, and sending the contents of his pistol into his enemy's body, quickly remounted and was off.

The traitor uttered a loud cry and stumbled over the threshold.

The ball that had been destined for Jesse James entered the animal's neck.

Jesse had not noticed this, and when, after about ten minutes, the pace of the thoroughbred visibly slackened he attributed it to the fatigue of the preceding night, and urged the poor brute on in order to gain the shelter of a belt of woodland discernible at some distance.

Neither spur nor hand was able to get much more out of the gallant animal.

The noble creature made a last effort and cleared the space separating them from the trees.

But no sooner did Jesse James draw rein in order to slacken his pace on entering their shelter than the poor brute fell.

A convulsive shudder shook his limbs, and, stretching them out in one final quiver, he lay motionless.

It was only then that his owner became fully aware of the extent of the mischief.

What he had taken for simple exhaustion was actually death.

A fearful oath burst from his lips, and in his rage he fiercely kicked the stiffening corpse of the creature who had served his end so well and to whom he had often owed his life.

He cursed the luck that had deprived him of a horse at the moment when one was needed.

It was indeed necessary that he should put as great a distance between himself and the district in which he now found himself as soon as possible.

He knew the district was roused against him, and his chances of safety on foot were slight.

Taking his additional pistols from the holsters of the saddle he walked rapidly away.

For two hours he made his way onwards, walking in the direction of a range of hills he could perceive in the distance.

At length he reached the foot of the first slope, which he began to ascend, after first bathing his face and hands in a little stream that trickled at its base.

Despite the herculean strength with which he was gifted, and the terrible danger that kept spurring him on every moment to fresh exertions, fatigue and want of sleep had begun to tell upon his iron frame.

His legs seemed at times ready to give way under him, and the inequalities of the ascent caused him from time to time to stop and stagger like a drunken man.

A dozen times he was on the point of throwing himself down and taking the rest of which he was in such sore need.

For he had been on business in Kentucky, and had ridden rapidly for forty-eight hours because he had been pursued.

In Missouri it was no better, it was still a race for life, until he could overtake his pals.

He had still several hours' ride before him—and was horseless.

In the morning he could obtain another horse, but even then he should have to walk more miles than his weary frame would permit, ere he could get the steed.

"No," he would mutter, resolutely, trying to shake off the overpowering effects of fatigue, "I'll go on, I'll go on, till I find a safe landing-place to lie in till nightfall."

He made his way up the slope, though each moment his progress seemed more difficult.

His head swam, there was a ringing in his ears, and in time to time a mist passed before his eyes, and veiled the rocks and crags that he kept scanning as he advanced in the hope of discovering some hiding-place.

"There must be some hole about here that I can creep into, and the stones luckily will show no trace of my passage," he thought.

Twice his legs failed him altogether, and he fell heavily, but, game to the end, he rose again and staggered onward.

At length his expectations were realized.

On the right, beneath a projecting spur of rock, he caught sight of what appeared to be the entrance of a cave, partly veiled by brushwood.

He made his way to it with some difficulty, across the broken ground.

The opening was low and narrow, but, after crawling through it, he found himself in a kind of cave, some ten or twelve feet deep, and almost high enough for him to stand upright.

It was perfectly dry, the floor being of gravel, on which were strewn some large boulders, that had evidently fallen at some remote period from the summit.

Jesse James dragged himself into the cave, and, moving some of the stones, constructed a rude barricade just within the entrance.

This precaution taken, he stretched himself at full length on the gravel, and, despite the hardness of his couch, was soon fast asleep.

His was the heavy slumber of exhaustion, which a cannon shot will hardly break.

When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens.

He moved to the mouth of the cave, and, after cautiously demolishing his barricade, sallied forth.

An unhealed chest-wound still gave him terrible trouble.

He was not long before he had obtained a horse, and joined his pals.

## SCENE II.

### THE PALS.

Who were these men who aided and abetted the James' Boys?

First there was Frank James.

He was a Kentuckian, and four years older than his Missouriian brother.

Frank was an able-bodied bandit.

Love of slaughter predominated with him over the desire for plunder.

He, however, was not an organizer.

Jesse was the head and front of the gang, and did just what he pleased with his brother.

The Younger Brothers, Cole, Jim and John, were the sons of a respectable Government mail contractor, who was brutally murdered, and his stables robbed of forty blooded horses during the war.

Coleman Younger was the most bloodthirsty of the desperado family, and swore to avenge his father's murder.

The mother died from the persecutions she received at the hands of detectives and others.

The three sons then became members of Quantrell's famous guerrillas, and certainly unchained demons never fought with half the fury shown by these youths.

All had been wounded.

In fact 'twas said that at the close of the war, Jesse James had twenty-two unhealed wounds on his body; Frank, ten wounds, Coleman Younger, fifteen, and the other men several each.

These men, with Alfred Shepherd, George, his brother, and Jim White, made up the daring pals of Jesse James.

We must not forget the splendid horses possessed by the gang.

Each man had two of the finest blooded horses in the blue grass district.

They were noted for speed and endurance.

To look at them with their distended nostrils, swelling veins and muscles, one could easily perceive with what elastic strides they could tear across the country.

It was the custom of Jesse and his pals to have one set of horses conveniently near in case of accidents.



## SCENE III.

## THE BANK ROBBERY.

When Jesse returned, he had good news to give his pals.

The ground was all clear for one of the most daring raids ever attempted.

The time fixed was that day week, and instructions were given as to the meeting-place.

The men separated.

Each followed the bent of his inclination until the time for action.

Frank and Jesse rode off at once into Kentucky, to arrange all the details of the coming raid.

The March wind nipped them keenly as they rode, but they had no fear of weather.

An old deserted barn about five miles from Russellville, Kentucky, was the place of meeting.

On the day fixed, eight men were to be found eagerly discussing some plans which were submitted by Jesse James.

The next day the body of men rode into Russellville.

George Shepherd and Jim White halted their horses on the right side of the bank.

Tom Mitchell and Harry Miller passed them, and ensconced themselves on the left side.

As soon as they had taken position, which occupied but a moment, Jesse and Frank James, with Cole Younger and Alfred Shepherd, dismounted, giving the reins of their horses to Jack Little to hold.

The four bandits entered the bank.

They were not known.

Jesse asked for the cashier.

That gentleman stepped forward.

"Good-day, sir."

"Good-day," answered Jesse.

"What can I do for you?"

"How much money have you in the bank?"

"Sir?"

"How much money have you?"

"I don't understand—"

"Don't you! Well, I'm Jesse James, and I'm going to take all you've got."

"I'll be hanged if you do," responded the cashier, as he looked round for some weapon of defence.

"You'll be shot if I don't," was the laconic answer of the bandit.

A crowd commenced to gather outside the bank, attracted by the eight horses and riders being drawn there.

"Crack! crack! Bang! bang!" was heard, whilst the loud voice of George Shepherd was heard shouting:

"Back—back to your homes, or you'll die."

Inside the bank affairs were critical.

The cashier tried to hold the men at bay until he could obtain assistance.

"Quick," called out Jesse James. "Time is short."

"I will never give up the keys of the safe," said the cashier.

"Crack," rang out on the air.

The cashier dropped to the floor.

The blood streamed from his breast. He tried to raise his head, but failed.

With a gasp, he turned over.

He was dead.

Instantly Jesse jumped over the barrier and commenced searching the pockets of the cashier for the keys.

A struggle took place between Cole Younger and one of the other clerks.

Crack, crack! Bang, bang! went again the weapons of death and the clerk fell shot through the brain.

Cole Younger was wounded in the right arm.

Jesse had secured the keys, and the safes were opened.

The two confederates began to empty the cash drawers and safes and a little over \$14,000 changed hands.

A clerk, who had escaped the general turmoil, got down on his knees and appealed for mercy.

"Have mercy, sirs," he whined "have mercy, I will give you all the stamps I've got."

"Get up, you silly fool," said Frank James as he gave the young clerk a kick.

The money was taken out and the men jumped on their horses.

"Ride for your lives," shouted Jesse.

The cavalcade reformed and the men rode away, having made a splendid success.

The James Brothers were again victorious. To make a mistake would have been a crime.

They never committed anything so silly as a blunder.

## SCENE IV.

## THE RIDE FOR LIFE.

"Ride for your lives," again shouted Jesse. They were being pursued.

"I hear our pursuers," said Jesse.

"Yes," replied Frank, "it is now a question of horseflesh."

"Bet your bottom dollar that we've got the best horses," said George Shepherd.

"Crack—crack! Bang, bang!" came four shots.

One bullet whizzed past the head of Jim White and scared him more, he afterwards declared, than did "the Federals" when they made Quantrell surrender.

Another bullet grazed Al Shepherd's knee.

"Darn the infernal critters," he said, "we must out-distance them."

"How many are there, Jess?"

Jesse turned in his saddle and uttered a cry of horror.

"There are at least seventy."

"The devil!"

"We have no chance unless we can thin them."

Jesse turned to his men and quickly made up his mind.

"Boys!" he shouted, "get every chamber of your revolvers loaded, and when I give the order, fire! Take care, every bullet must go home."

"Bravo, Jess, that's the style for me!"

The men rode on rapidly, still keeping about the same distance from their pursuers.

"Are you ready?" inquired Jesse James.

"I am."

"So am I."

"Wait one moment," said Cole Younger. "I've got three six-shooters, and I want all to be in readiness."

He rode on, loading as he went.

Quantrell's warriors were the best marksmen in the Confederate army, and those following the lead of Jesse James were the very pick of them.

"I'm ready for the devils," said Coleman.

"All right. Put spurs to your horses and ride as rapidly as you can!"

The order was obeyed, and the men went

"Hell to split o'er the prairie."

"Slacken!" burst forth from Jesse, after they had been riding about five minutes.

Crack! crack! whiz! zip! came the bullets.

"Let the critters fire, they can't hurt us."

It was true, the distance was deceptive, and the bullets of the pursuers fell harmlessly to the ground.

The James party slackened speed, and the pursuers saw, as they fondly thought, a sign of surrender or fatigue.

They accordingly quickened their speed.

"I think it is time now," said Jesse.

"Are you all ready?" inquired his brother Frank.

"Yes."

"I am."

"I'll give 'em h—l!" was Colman's response.

"When I say fire, just turn quickly, take aim and let fly, but don't stop!" said Jesse.

Every man was ready to act like clockwork and awaited the word of command.

"Ready!"

"Fire!"

Eight shots rang out on the air.

Six men fell from their saddles.

"Glorious," cried Jesse.

"Splendidly done, boys," said Frank.

"Ready!"

"Fire!"

Bang! bang! rang out a volley again.

The pursuers were staggered, they had never seen such fighting.

"Ready!"

"Fire!"



Again another eight shots rattled across to the pursuers. Three volleys had been fired, and out of the twenty-four shots, twenty had taken effect.

"Put on best speed!" cried Jesse.

The thoroughbreds flew over the ground.

Jesse was evidently meditating some desperate move, for he remained silent some time, and then turning in his saddle he found that about forty assailants were still in pursuit.

"Boys," he said, "let us give them one of Quantrell's tricks."

"All right!"

"Bravo!"

"To h—l with the vigilants!"

"At the word ready, get your horses under control, and at the command charge, hold your revolvers firm and charge through the enemy."

Jim Younger called out that "eight could not cut through forty or fifty."

"We'll try it, pals."

"Yes, to the death we'll follow Jess."

"Ready!"

Instantly every horse's head was turned slightly to the right.

"Charge!"

The horses wheeled round.

Spurs pierced their sides.

The horses neighed. They seemed to feel a glory in the charge.

"Oh, God!" cried George Shepherd.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only slightly."

The men rode on towards their pursuers.

"Fire!"

"Bang! bang! bang!" rang out the answer from eight revolvers.

The pursuers were alarmed.

On dashed the brave outlaws.

These human lions dashed on amidst a forest of bullets.

"Vigilant to right of them,  
Vigilant to left of them,  
Vigilant in front of them  
Shouted and fired."

But the James guerrillas seemed to have charmed lives, for they escaped their enemies with only two wounded.

The wounds were only flesh ones, and were not dangerous.

The vigilants and sheriff's men left twenty-four dead and wounded on the sanguinary field.

Pursuit was over, and the James Boys scored another victory.

## SCENE V.

### TREACHERY AND MURDER.

George Mitchell was wounded, and it became necessary for him to stay behind.

He sought refuge in a house occupied by a friend.

He felt safe.

The loss of blood from the wound rendered him, for a time, unconscious.

When he awoke he heard the woman of the house giving instructions to some one, and he heard several times the name of Jesse James mentioned.

Raising himself on his arm, he strained his ears to listen.

"I'm sure that the James Boys are about," he heard her say.

"How do you know?"

"Well, I've got one of the gang here, and there's a good reward offered for him."

"The devil you have!"

"Yes; and he's unconscious at present. Hurry up the police and the reward is ours."

Mitchell listened with horror to this treachery.

He had entrusted his liberty to this woman, and she was going to betray him.

Anxiously he listened.

There was silence.

He determined to dress himself and escape.

"Better die on the prairie, free," he said to himself, "than be taken alive."

Steadily and cautiously he put on his clothes, and prepared to leave.

He opened the door.

No one was to be seen.

He wanted to get away unmolested.

When he reached the outer door, he had scarcely strength to open it.

When he did so, he stood in front of his betrayer.

"You Jezebel!" he hissed, through his teeth. "You spawn of hell," he began, but he tottered forward and fell.

The woman perceived that her treachery was discovered.

She took a revolver from her pocket—for in those troubled times every woman carried one to protect herself.

Should she shoot him?

No. Her better nature came to the rescue.

Mitchell regained consciousness, and staggered to his feet.

The woman faced him, and yet feared him.

He had no desire to hurt her, but he wanted to escape.

She had her revolver, and could shoot him if he attempted to run.

He again fell down as though he had fainted, but this time it was only a ruse, for he rolled himself over as though in pain, and then rose to his feet.

"What have I ever done to you that you should betray me?" he asked.

Wish-ish.

His hands shot out straight before him and two handfuls of sand went smack into her face.

Brave as ever, blinded but undaunted, she realized her peril and fired.

But just as she pulled the trigger he was flat on the ground again, and then up like a serpent springing from its coil.

The next moment she was down on her back with one of his hands clenched round her throat, the other over her mouth, whilst one knee crushed her bosom, and the other pinned down her pistol arm.

"You serpent!" croaked Mitchell in a voice scarcely human, as he bent over her; "you she-devil, you thought to send me to hell, did you, when you found your pretty little plot of selling me to the vigilants was blowed? I know all that you said this morning to your man, you treacherous woman."

"Gurgle-gle-gle-gle," was the only sound that came from the woman.

Mitchell held her throat still firmer, and then the thought flashed across his mind that she was a woman and he had never yet harmed a female.

"What a devil I am," he said. "Forgive me," he appealed.

No answer.

The traitor was dead.

Mitchell was a murderer.

## SCENE VI.

### A GIRL TO THE RESCUE.

Slowly the sun sank behind the dark, grim old mountain that stood out so hoary and sullen, like a frowning giant that had been placed on a never-ceasing guard over the shady valley lying so closely at its feet; and yet a little house nestled as cosily to its scarred, tempest-stung breast as a tiny nest to the rough, torn back of a mighty tree.

A strange, rugged place for a girlish presence, this dark little place perched up among the clouds like an eagle's eyrie; yet from the little rough door lightly steps a girl.

A little maiden, with shining yellow hair rippling back from a face as fair and white as the petals of a lily of the valley—this is Sadie Green.

A winsome smile dimpled around her lips as she ran lightly down the rugged slope from the cabin to the "lawn of rock," the level top of a little mountain spur that jutted out into the valley as though it would lave its base in the foamy, rock-fettered waters of the Mississippi River, that was barely the width of a narrow trail away.

The sun was slowly dying in the west, while the sky seemed like a great golden palace, with the dash of wild birds' wings against the windows.

Sadie adjusted a glass that she had brought with her, and gazed long and earnestly towards the east.



At last a shade of disappointment and something akin to anxiety clouded her face.

"Why does he not come?" she asked herself thoughtfully. "He promised to be in sight at sunset, and he never broke his word to me yet. Heaven grant that nothing of ill has overtaken him."

Again she bent her gaze towards the east. One thought alone ruled mind and heart, yet nothing within reach escaped her senses.

She heard the dash of waters, she saw the shadows sweep up the slopes, and far overhead she watched the circling eagles.

"Ah—h!"

It was a long-drawn breath of agonized surprise; for, far away on the yellow sands of the valley, she could now see a horseman urging his steed to the utmost, and close behind came thundering a score of infuriated vigilants.

"Oh, God," cried the maiden. "Save him, oh save him!" And the white face grew death-like, and the cold sweat beaded brow and chin, as she watched the race for life.

Nearer and nearer they drew.

On and on, with the fine racer-head thrust forward and the small ears laid back, tore the strong young horse; but though it seemed as if he might have left the night-birds behind in that wild flight, he could not shake off those relentless pursuers, following like sleuth-hounds on a scent.

"Gaining, gaining! Is there nothing that can be done to save him, or must he perish before my eyes?" gasped the maiden, in the last extremity of human fear.

"Crack! crack!" broke on the air.

Sadie looked aghast.

One man had been killed by her lover.

"Bang! bang! Whiz-zip!" from the revolvers of the vigilants.

"Oh, God! save him?" again she cried.

A black mist swam before her eyes, everything whirled about her, her limbs became powerless, and she sank upon her knees, with her clasped hands extended.

But out of her exceeding weakness a sudden strength was born—a strength that raised her from the rock, and bore her, as with a winged creature's speed, up the rocky slope to the cabin.

How or whence she was to obtain help, she did not stop to ask herself; and if she had, she would have received no answer to her question.

Her father was far away on the ranch with the cattle.

No help seemed near.

Help, if any, must come from her own feeble hands. She rushed into the house. A loaded rifle stood in the corner. In an instant this child of the prairie had seized it. But she took something else with her. A small red can stood on a high shelf. "I'll do it," she said, and she took the can and the rifle with her out on the rock.

Down on the sandy plain, Jesse James (for it was he) rode as for his life.

He knew that the vigilants were gaining upon him, and also that it was impossible to reach the little lawn of rock by means of the narrow trail that led up the mountain side, for his foes would be there as soon as himself, and the attempt would not save him, and only be the means of harm to Sadie, his beautiful one.

"She is watching—kneeling on the cliff," he said, huskily. "Oh, if she would only go back! Ah, she is going—is gone now. Good-bye, my darling—for ever and ay."

And he encouraged his brave horse in the hopeless flight with a voice in which was a passing tremor, as he saw the slender, white-robed figure on the mountain side disappear.

If the horse had understood the urgent necessity there was for doing his best, he could not have responded more gallantly, and for some minutes he was clearly leaving his pursuers behind.

But it was only a magnificent spurt.

One mile more of that flying gait would have exhausted all his powers, and Jesse James knew it.

With a long, tireless gallop the pursuers came on, and were rapidly recovering the ground they had lost, as was evident to Jesse, for their shouts became each moment more distinct, while his horse every instant grew weaker and weaker.

But every thought of his own danger was swept from his mind as he saw Sadie rush from out the cabin-door and run down the slope to the table-rock.

"Sadie, my life, Heaven help you," groaned Jesse James, in despair, as he watched her.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the bluff, her golden hair floating behind her, her eyes burning with a desperate glow, and then she paused a moment.

With the skill of a practiced marksman she raised the heavy rifle to her shoulder, took aim, and then, girl-like, closed her eyes.

She pulled the trigger. The kick of the rifle had almost thrown her down.

There was a riderless horse. She had shot its rider.

She loaded again the rifle. Again it sent forth its murderous charge. A horse fell dead, shot through the heart.

The pursuers were quite near her lover. If she could only make Jesse James understand what she wanted.

"Ride into the gully," she shouted.

Evidently he did not hear.

Her eyes were ready to start from their sockets. Horror was stamped upon her face.

"Faster! faster!" she shouted.

He heard her. His horse gave a bound forward.

"Into the gully!"

"All right," came back from Jesse.

He comprehended her at once.

The gulley was a narrow pass cut by volcanic action through the rocks.

If he could get through safely, and she could prevent the vigilants entering the pass, he would be safe, for the road round would give him at least a mile start.

Jesse struck his horse violently with his spurs, and the poor, exhausted creature rallied all its energies and plunged forward.

By the base of the cliff, just at the entrance of the gulley, he staggered, and then—stopped, shivered, and fell.

Jesse separated himself from his horse as quickly as possible, and ran for his life.

His pursurs entered the gulley.

Then, a crash as though the rock-ribbed mountain had been riven from its base and had fallen prostrate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Green, the father of Sadie, was on his way home, and within a short distance of the rock, when the explosion had taken place.

"What the devil's the matter?" he asked himself. "Some tarnation work that's not right."

He hurried on.

How he ever reached the cliff, he never could tell; it seemed as though only a bird or a mountain-sheep could have passed over that course; and yet he accomplished it with a speed that was marvelous, and in an instant he was holding his unconscious child in his arms.

Sadie had fainted.

"Sadie! Sadie! My child!"

At this agonized cry there was a slight sign of returning consciousness, and soon she opened her eyes, and stared vacantly up into her father's face.

"Sadie, don't you know me?" said her father, gently smoothing the hair away from her brow.

The wild and distant look became softened and subdued, and she answered clearly:

"Why, yes, father dear. But what has happened? Oh, father!"

The last words were uttered in a shriek.

Memory had returned, and brought with it an agony almost too great to be endured.

She threw up her hands.

"Father, father!" she breathed, in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "if you love your poor child, go to the foot of the cliff and see—and see if you can find Jesse James!"

"But, Sadie—"

"Don't wait for words, father, but go—go now!" she exclaimed, frantically, and pushing him with her frail hands away from her, while her face became as pale as death, and her lips of a cold, purplish hue.

Deeply puzzled, Jim Green left his daughter, and descended the trail.

When he reached the base of the cliff he gave a low whistle, expressive of the greatest surprise.

"Well, well, well, if this don't beat all! By Jove! it looks as if a sausage machine had bursted, and no mistake."



Here a figure, painfully crawling towards him, drew his attention away from the scene of devastation.

"Jesse James, by all that holy!" exclaimed Jim Green.

"Yes, it's me, and slightly bruised."

"What the deuce does it all mean?"

"Mean? Why, that Sadie is the best and bravest girl in the world!"

"What has she done?"

"Seeing me pursued, she took your rifle and fired twice, killing one man and a horse——"

"Good God!"

"She then got me into the gulley, evidently intending me to ride through, but my horse dropped dead."

"What then?" asked her astonished father.

"Two or three vigilants entered the gulley after me, when she threw some dynamite or nitroglycerine down the gulley and there are the results," said Jesse James as he pointed to three dead bodies.

"Well, she has the pluck of her mother."

"Thank God! you're safe! They have all fled."

Sadie had joined her father and lover, and after uttering the sentence fainted in her lover's arms.

In that pleasant and delightful position we leave them.

## ENTRE'ACTE.

### THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Jesse James, in the midst of his lawless career, had fallen desperately in love with Sadie Green, a girl who well deserved the cognomen of the prairie flower.

In fact 'twas said that the thought of her inspired the poet to write:

"On the distant prairie, where the heather wild  
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled  
Stands a little cottage, and the creeping vine  
Loves around its porch to twine.  
In that pretty dwelling was a lovely child  
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,  
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair  
Floated in the summer air.  
Fair as a lily, joyous and free  
Light of that prairie home was she;  
Everyone that knew her, felt the gentle power  
Of Sadie Green the prairie flower."

Jesse James had no power to resist Sadie's charms, and he told his love.

He honestly told her of the life he had led, but he also led her to believe that he was anxious to live honestly, but that the vigilants and the authorities persecuted him and vowed to kill him. As soon as he could get away, he would marry her and turn over a new leaf.

Perhaps he had meant what he whispered in her ear.

We know that he did not practice what he had professed. Circumstances may have been too strong for him.

He had left his pals after their daring fight with the vigilants.

They were safe, enjoying themselves with their share of the bank plunder.

He was in love, and wanted to be alone.

A thought passed through his mind, he would go and see Sadie.

To think was to act.

He started on his love journey.

A man he had once benefited and befriended, recognized him and betrayed him to the vigilants.

Hence the pursuit which was ended for the present by the brave courage of the girl he loved.

## SCENE VII.

### JESSE ELOQUENTLY DEFENDS HIS POSITION.

We need scarcely say that when Jesse James found himself seated in front of a good fire, and engaged in eating a

good supper, that he was far more comfortable than he had been when chased by the vigilants.

Nor is it necessary to say that the supper tasted better because his own lovely sweetheart was sitting beside him.

Sadie was thoughtful and silent.

Her lover was stiff and tired with his exertions of the past few days.

There was a necessity that he should rest.

"Jess, why the deuce don't you quit crime?" asked Jim Green.

"Crime, do you call it?"

"Yes."

"Hark ye," continued Jesse James. "My father was persecuted and robbed, although he was a good man and a preacher. My mother had all her horses taken out of the stables by the rascally Federals. I joined, as you know, the South——"

"Yes, and fought like a lion," said Sadie.

"I did my duty. I thought the South was right, and I fought. Quantrell had seen his own brother murdered in cold blood, because he would not join the Northern army."

"But what has that got to do with the present? The war has been over for some time."

"Quite true, Green, but when the war was over I would have laid down my arms with the others and led a life of peace, but the vigilants had sworn that not one of Quantrell's brigade should live. They pursued and harassed my brother, and when he fled into Kentucky, they turned their rascally attentions to me. We had to resist or die."

"Oh, Jesse! it is horrible!" was the sympathetic remark of Sadie.

"Darn the vigilants, why can't they mind their own business like me and my mates?" asked Green.

"That's what I want to know," continued Jesse James.

"But as long as they persecute me, I'll be even with them."

"Why did you rob the bank?"

"A fellow must live, and if they won't let him live honestly—well, he must live; that's all there is to it."

"That's so."

"Taking from the bank, is only taking the money from the scoundrels who robbed us during the war."

"How so?"

"Didn't they give us paper shoes, and charge for leather? Wasn't our wheaten bread made of rye, and our coffee of beans? Didn't they cut up all the dead horses and palm them off to us as beef? The scoundrels made us pay ten times over for everything. They put their money in the bank—and—well, I helped myself to a share of it."

"You had better have a bit of rest," said Green, "for the vigilants will be after you as soon as the retreating ones can get reinforced."

"That's true, and I'm mighty stiff."

"I caught the horse whose rider Sadie disposed of, and I've given him corn."

"Bravo!"

There were only two beds in the house, and Sadie insisted that Jesse should go and rest in hers, whilst she would keep watch.

After a protest from her father this was agreed to, and Jess was soon fast asleep.

He had been asleep about three hours when there came a loud hammering at the door.

The house was in darkness.

Sadie went into the room where Jesse was sleeping, and quickly roused him.

"In that closet there's a trap-door; go through it and you will find your horse ready saddled."

"Bless you, Sadie," said Jesse as he embraced her.

Jesse did as he was bid, and in another minute whispered "all right."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Sadie.

She then quickly slipped off her clothes and got into bed. The knocking continued.

Jim Green went to the window and saw five horsemen.

"What do you want?"

"Open the door!"

"What for?"

"I'm Sheriff of this county."

"Well, perhaps you are, what do you want?"

"We came after a robber."

"We've no robbers here."

"Yes, you have."

"Liar!"



"Open the door, or I'll break it open!"

Jim Green at last opened the door, and the officers rushed in.

There were no back doors or windows to the house, so all the attention of the officers was directed to the front.

No one but the inmates knew of the trap-door leading into a subterranean passage.

It was into this passage that Jesse went.

His horse was there ready for him.

Quietly he groped his way along the dark passage.

After five minutes of darkness he saw a flickering light.

It was the moonlight at the end of the passage.

Arrived there he found himself close to the Mississippi river.

"Safe once more, thanks to Sadie," he murmured.

Back to the cottage we go, and we find the officers questioning Green about Jesse James.

"Well, sheriff," said Green, "we heard there was a reward offered for Jesse James, and my daughter, this evening, saw him coming towards the house. She was frightened. Sheriff, my darter is a spunky gal. She shot at the fellow."

"D—n it! She killed one of my men," said the sheriff.

"Well, sheriff, she tried again."

"Yes, blame her, and killed a horse."

"The fellow, James, was coming on apace, and she told him to get into the gulley. As soon as he got there she threw some dynamite down to prevent his escape, and perhaps kill him."

"Gol-darn it," said the sheriff, "she killed three more of my men."

"Two, sheriff," said Green.

"Three, I say."

"Two, I swear."

"D—n the fellow, there's the three dead bodies."

"D—n you to blazes," excitedly exclaimed Green. "One of them is Jess James."

"It's a lie!"

"T'aint!"

"I tell you it's a darned lie, Jesse James is in this house."

"Search it then."

This they did quickly.

They found Sadie in bed, awake, and apparently terribly frightened. Her hair was dishevelled.

When the sheriff entered she covered her face with her hands.

"Mercy, mercy!" she cried. "I couldn't help it. I wanted to kill the robber."

"Look you here, young woman, you've got Jesse James in this room."

"Oh, sir, I'm sure I haven't. He's dead."

"I want no more lies. Get out of bed."

"Please leave the room till I dress?" she asked.

"No."

"Then I won't get out of bed."

The sheriff went to the side of the bed and stripped the clothes down to the foot.

As he did so, he suddenly staggered and fell.

Jim Green had struck him between the eyes.

Now Jim had been a member of the P. R., and had fought with Paddy Ryan.

One blow was all that anyone wanted.

"Get up," Jim shouted to the prostrate sheriff. "I'll teach you to insult virgin innocence."

The sheriff staggered to his feet; his nose was swollen, and one eye completely bunged up.

Satisfied that Jesse James was not in the house, the party left.

As the sheriff got clear out of the house, he muttered curses on Jim Green.

"I'll make you repent of this," he shouted.

"All right," Green shouted back. "I'm ready when you are."

## SCENE VIII.

### THE ROBBING OF THE STAGE.

Whilst Jesse was escaping from the vigilants, by the aid of his sweetheart, the courageous Sadie Green, his brother

Frank had, with the aid of his pals, done a stroke of business.

The mail from Osceola in Arkansas, to Belmont and Charleston in Missouri, was conveyed by means of a two-horse stage.

By a clever system of spies, which had been established by Jim Younger, the James Boys, or rather Frank James, found out that a large quantity of valuables would travel by the stage from Osceola.

Cole Younger and George Shepherd determined that it would be advisable to obtain the valuables.

With this decision Frank James heartily agreed.

On the particular day with which we have to deal the stage carried several passengers.

The mail bags were carefully chained to the stage under the driver's seat, whilst on the top of the lumbering old thing were several trunks belonging to the passengers.

The stage lumbered on, the driver whistling the inspiring strains of Yankee Doodle.

On his right hand prairie grass was growing several feet high, and on the left rolled the mighty Mississippi.

Suddenly the driver saw several dark objects almost buried in the long grass.

Before he had time to closely inspect the objects, his curiosity was gratified.

Several men jumped from the grass and surrounded the stage.

One man was mounted on a fine coal black horse.

He rode up to the driver, and, pointing a revolver at that worthy, said:

"I'm Frank James."

"What the fury do I care who you are?" said the driver as he proceeded to urge his horses onward.

"Stop or I'll pt an ounce of lead into you," said Frank.

"All right, sirree. Job Fairweather is always ready to yield to the point in an argument."

"Ladies and gentlemen," courteously spoke Frank James, "I'll trouble you to get out of the stage."

The passengers obeyed, not because they wanted to, but simply because they could not help themselves.

"That will do! stand in a line there!" continued Frank pointing to the ground.

"Cole, you stand there, and you, Jim, at that place; shoot the first one who moves."

The passengers trembled.

"Shall not hurt any of you," continued Frank. "Al, shoot that driver if he moves."

Two of the band then secured the mail bags and the valuables. Trunks were broken open, and everything worth a dollar confiscated.

Frank then, looking at the passengers, shouted:

"Up with your hands above your head, everyone of you."

Some did not obey the command.

"By thunder! I'll put a bullet in anyone that refuses."

Everyone then thought that obedience was the wisest course and complied with the bandit's behest.

"Madam," said Frank to one of the young and beautiful girls, "your beauty saves you from robbery. I merely ask from you a kiss, and then you can resume your journey."

"Oh, sir, spare me. I will give you my watch and my rings—"

"My dear madam, I have no need of watches or rings, but I should value a kiss from those ruby lips."

Again the lady entreated, but at last, fearing violence, she consented, and with her face and neck crimsoned with blushes, was clasped in the bandit's arms, whilst he pressed on her pretty, plump, cherry ripe lips, "a long, long, kiss."

A kiss of youth, and love, and beauty, all concentrating like rays into one focus, kindled from above.

"Each kiss a heart-quake—for a kiss o' strength  
I think it must be reckoned by its length."

The girl was then released, perhaps thinking that it was not so bad a thing to be stopped by a highwayman.

The next lady was a cross-looking, vinegary old maid.

The mail passengers wondered whether Frank James would relish a kiss from her. They had their curiosity gratified, however, very shortly, by Frank telling her she must kiss the stage-driver.

Honest old Job smacked his lips at the thought, and under cover of Frank's pistol, the vinegary one had to receive a good, hearty, osculatory smack from Job's lips.

The other lady was young and pretty, and as it after-



wards turned out, was the daughter of the Governor of Arkansas.

She received and returned a kiss with pleasure.

She did not even plead for exemption.

The turn of the masculine passengers, four in number, came next.

Frank had kept them with their hands held high above their heads.

"Now, sir," said Frank James, addressing one of the men, "just empty your pockets, and then serve all your fellow-travelers in the same way."

"Excuse me, Mr. James, I'm a clergyman."

"So much the better. My father was one."

"I'll give you all I possess, but I cannot rob these gentlemen."

"I'll make you."

"My good man, respect my cloth," pleaded the clergyman, very meekly.

"You are a lying hound, notwithstanding your cloth, to call me a good man, when you know well that I'm about the biggest villain left unhung. Do as I bid you, or you'll never patter from a pulpit again. Turn each pocket inside out that I may be sure you aren't tricking me, and if you find anything of an explosive nature in either of them don't by accident turn it this way, or by similar accident the contents of my pistol will get mixed up with your brains. A wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse, you know."

"But, I—I'm not a horse," faltered the hesitating divine.

"Well, perhaps ass would be nearer the mark, in your case, and had I an ass that wouldn't go, wouldn't I pistol him? By heaven, don't force me to finish the couplet, or I'll end it in d—d unpleasant pantomime;" and as he concluded he thrust the muzzle of his weapon within a couple of inches of the clergyman's head, who thereupon yielded to the exigencies of the position.

"I must turn pickpocket, gentlemen," said he plaintively. "It's a great disgrace to my cloth; but necessity has no law."

The clergyman did his work, and Frank James ordered the driver to remount, and the stage drove away, Frank waving his hat, and throwing kisses to the pretty girls he had so recently embraced.

Nearly eight thousand dollars worth of property had been secured by that daring act.

## SCENE IX.

### THE CLERGYMAN AND THE VIGILANTS.

When the stage arrived at the first town, alarm was given, and a party of vigilants sent out to capture Frank James.

The bandits had, however, waited leisurely for an hour or two in the place where they had robbed the stage, judging, and rightly, that the vigilants would never dream of their staying there.

So that whilst the country was being scoured for the men, they were enjoying themselves reading letters which they had abstracted from the mail-bags.

Frank, after the lapse of two hours, thought it expedient to continue their journey.

They had not got far before they met a man on horseback who, the moment he got up them, cried out:

"Are they taken yet, gentlemen—are the highwaymen taken? I have been for some help, and there's half a dozen gentlemen on horseback coming."

Frank instantly recognized in the man the clergyman who had been his tool in robbing the passengers of the stage.

The divine had been too frightened to notice Frank James and therefore did not recognize him now.

"It's a pity they are too late," said Frank, "for the highwaymen are not only on the road again, and perfectly free, but one of them is about to blow your brains out, if you have got any."

To the intense horror of this man, who had so unexpectedly spoken, Frank James held a pistol to his head.

"Oh, spare me," he said; "spare me; I have a wife and family!"

"You ought to have thought of them," said the outlaw, "before you made yourself so busy in hunting to the death your fellow men, but you will be spared on condition that

you ride on with us, and when we meet the mounted men you spoke of you will be so good as to pass us as friends of yours. Upon no other terms will I spare you."

"Of course," he said, turning very white, "I accede to those terms. If I have been a fool I must take the consequences. I ought to have known you at first but I did not."

"Just so," said Frank James; "and now come on. Ah, here are your friends, I presume?"

"They are. And if it had not been for my folly, the James Boys would have been captured."

"It is possible, but the best thing you can do now is to provide for your own safety. Mark me, when I say a thing I mean it, and if you attempt any tricks, I will shoot you with as little compunction as I would a mad dog."

At this moment half a dozen men rode up in haste, and the foremost of them cried out:

"Hilloa, Davidge, I thought you were in such a hurry to get back that you could not wait for us, and here you are with your horse's head the other way!"

"Why, these are friends of mine! No, hang it! They are no such thing. Blaze away! One can but die once."

Frank James was too much struck with the courage of this man to find it in his heart to deliberately murder him, although he had said that he would do so. He lowered his pistol as he said:

"I spare you, and leave it to your conscience to do as you please. You can go."

"Then, by Heaven, I repent that I have said a word."

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried one of the fresh arrivals. "Are you all out of your senses?"

"No!" said Frank, in a voice of thunder. "The meaning of it just is, that I am Frank James, and you stop the road, gentlemen. Forward, my gallant friends! Charge them!"

Without, then, giving the six, or rather, we ought to say, the seven horsemen time to think what to do, Frank and his companions dashed forward among them, and succeeded in making their way through them. The clergyman who had been prisoner for so brief a space of time, shouted out:

"Off with you, James, and good luck to you. I won't pull a trigger or move an inch after you."

The others were by no means so scrupulous, for in the course of the next few moments three or four pistol bullets rattled about the ears of our adventurers. Frank felt that one of the bullets touched his cheek, and a slight exclamation from Cole Younger led him to think that he was wounded.

"We cannot stand this," said Frank. "Fire upon them."

He turned, and so did Cole and Al. Shepherd. They all three fired, and then, amid the smoke of their own pistols, without waiting to see what execution they had done, they went off at a gallop.

After this taste of the quality of the highwaymen, no one seemed very much inclined to follow them. After half an hour's fast riding, they thereupon thought proper to decrease their speed, and examine into the amount of damage done by the pistol bullets.

"Is anyone touched?" said Frank James.

"No," cried both Cole and Jim Younger, "there's no mischief worth the speaking of done, at all events. Let us push on or the road will be too hot for us soon."

## SCENE X.

### FAILURE.

It was a fearful night of wind and rain.

The sky was black above a world of darkness, and only when the lightning tore its zigzag way from cloud to cloud could anything be seen.

Then for a moment everything was lit up luridly, and one seemed to obtain a glimpse of a world resolving itself back into chaos.

At the window of a small house in the edge of a forest, near the line of the Fort Smith, Memphis and Louisville railroad, a young woman stood, with her face pressed close to the pane.

"What a fearful night it is," she said as the wind howled like beasts of prey in the trees outside, and drove the rain in fierce gusts against the house. "I wonder if the train will venture through?"



"Most likely," answered her mother, as she sat by the fire and shivered to listen to the storm without. "It will be in no particular danger of meeting with accidents."

"No, I suppose not," replied her daughter. "But it seems dangerous to run a train on such a terrible night."

Jennie Holmes was thinking not so much of the safety of the men and women who would be likely to travel by the night express as of that of the driver in charge.

George Hollister was her lover.

Knowing that, it will be easy to understand the reason of her anxiety.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Holmes, "I thought I heard steps. I wish the boys were at home. I can't help feeling nervous."

They listened.

Mrs. Holmes was right.

She had heard steps.

They were coming up the path from the gate.

"It may be the boys," suggested Jennie.

"They would not have attempted to come from town on such a night as this," averred Mrs. Holmes. "There! some one is knocking. Whoever it is we will have to let them in."

Jennie opened the door, and three men entered.

The girl saw that each man had at least two pistols in his belt.

"What time does the night express pass here?" asked one of the men.

"In about an hour and a half," replied Jennie.

"Then we've got plenty of time," the man said, turning to his companions. "I say, ladies, we have had no supper. Do you think you could get us a lunch of cold victuals within ten minutes? No need of spending much time on fixing up the table, you know, so long as you are particular to have plenty of food. I'd like a cup of good strong tea to steady my nerves. Eh, Cole, how is it with you?"

Cole grunted out some sort of a reply about not "not caring much for tea. Whisky did him better."

"Well, tea won't do any harm," said the other, "and it ain't so apt to fly into a fellow's head and disturb his calculations when he wants to keep cool as whisky is. You see, Cole, it won't do for us to take much of that stuff till after we've got through with the job."

"No, I know it won't," he responded.

Jennie and her mother went into the little kitchen and closed the door between them and the men, while they prepared supper for them.

Jennie went into the shed where the wood was kept for some sticks.

When she came back she found her mother standing by the door between the kitchen and the room the men were in, listening, with a terrified look in her face.

"What is it?" whispered Jennie.

"They're going to rob the train," answered Mrs. Holmes. "They're talking their plans over. Must we know of this horrible work and be powerless to prevent it?"

"Go to work about the supper and let me listen," whispered Jennie.

She placed herself by the door and overheard the conversation going on between the villains in the next room.

A rail was to be removed from the line at a point near the place where the road crossed the corner of the Holmes' farm. Here was a ravine around which the road curved.

The train would be precipitated from the embankment, and while all was terror and confusion among the passengers who were not killed by the accident, these men would rob the living and the dead, and make good their escape.

"Get them into supper, quick," whispered Jennie. "I'm going to save the train, if I can, and there isn't a moment to lose. Oh, if George could only know what we do."

"Your supper is ready," announced Mrs. Holmes, opening the door from the kitchen. "We would have had it ready sooner, but the kettle had to boil."

"Don't apologise," said the man called Cole. "We wasn't in any particular hurry. We had some business to talk about, and it's more agreeable indoors than out to-night, so we ain't lost no time."

They sat down and began eating.

While they were doing this Jennie was perfecting her plan for warning the train of its danger.

"Don't talk so plaguey loud," said Cole to his companion.

The three men were Cole Younger, George Shepherd, and Ned Miles, members of the Jesse James' gang of mail-robbers.

They were the advance guard.

The train was to be wrecked by these men, whilst Jesse James and some of his pals were to be on hand to take away the valuables.

It was a villainous scheme.

Jennie determined to frustrate the diabolical scheme.

The road ran nearly straight from the place where the train was to be wrecked to the river.

After crossing this it began to curve.

The girl's plan was to cross the river, and go up the line until she was past this curve.

There she would station herself, out of any danger of being discovered by the train-robbers, unless they crossed the bridge, which they would not be likely to do—and when the train came she would signal it.

Hanging up in the woodshed was a lantern that George had given to the boys—one that had been used on the train, with a brilliantly-colored globe, such as would be likely to attract the attention of any railroad employe, and give him to understand, when he saw it ahead on such a night as this, that something unusual was taking place.

She waited, half wild with impatience, for the men to eat their supper and be gone.

"Dare you stay here alone, mother, while I am gone?" asked the brave girl, as she seized her shawl and wrapped it about her form.

"If you are not afraid to go, I ought not to be afraid to stay," answered her mother. "It is a fearful task that you have undertaken, but I shall not—dare not say one word to keep you from it. If the river was not there, Jennie—"

And the woman shivered at the thought of the bridge Jennie must cross—a bridge which had no foothold save that afforded by the ties and rails.

It was not a safe thing for a man to venture on in daylight, unless he could keep a steady head.

It was a hundredfold more dangerous in a night like this, especially for a woman.

"If I was only equal to the task I would go on with you," Mrs. Holmes declared. "But I dare not attempt it. My strength would fail, and I should be a stone about your neck. Heaven bless and take care of you, my brave, good girl, and help you to save the train."

"Listen, mother, to their conversation, and try and find out who they are," whispered Jennie, and immediately put her finger to her lips, and enjoined silence.

"Hush!"

The two women listened at the door.

"If we fail," said one of the men, "it's all up with us."

"Yes," said Cole. "Jesse James was opposed to the scheme all the way through, and he will never forgive us for insisting on it."

"Mother," whispered the girl, "did you hear

"Yes."

"It's the James Boys."

"Yes. Oh, God, protect us!"

"Isn't it about time to be leaving?" asked Ned Miles.

"No; we've half an hour before we need move."

"Well, let's ask the old lady what's to pay for the lunch."

"It's been a stunner."

"Ay, that it has."

Mrs. Holmes entreated her daughter to hurry.

Then Jennie took her lantern, drew her shawl about her, and went out into the intense darkness of the night.

She knew the path so well between the house and the railroad that she found but little difficulty in keeping it.

Once or twice she stumbled and fell, but it was the work of a moment only to pick herself up and find the path again.

The rain fell in torrents, and before she was half way to the line, she was drenched through.

"It's lucky that I thought to wrap up my matches in something the rain can't soak through," she said to herself; and just as she said that she stumbled against the end of a tie, and putting out her hand she felt the rails.

"I've got along well so far," she thought, and started up the line towards the river.

The roar of the angry waters sounded like thunder in her ears.

It was so dark that she could only tell when she was near the bridge by feeling her way along the line.

She got down upon her knees and crept along.

Pretty soon she came to where there was no earth to be felt between the ties ahead of her, and she knew then that she had reached the end of the bridge.

"Heaven help me now," she murmured, under her breath,



and crawled out upon the network of iron and wood which stretched between her and death.

Below the water rushed with deafening roar. The wind seemed to concentrate its fury, and try to tear her from the rail to which she clung so desperately.

More than once she felt as if her strength was failing her, and her head began to swim.

Then she thought of George, and the lives she might save if she kept on, and she clung to the rail with a grasp of iron, determined that she would not give up.

Before the bridge was crossed her knees were bleeding, and her dress was torn to pieces.

But she did not stop to think of that.

At last—it seemed to her that she had crawled on hands and feet for miles and miles—she put out her hand and touched solid earth.

"Oh, I am across the river, safe," she cried, and her courage rose with the thought that the greatest danger was past. She groped her way up the line as rapidly as possible.

When she thought she had gone far enough to be out of sight of the men, because of the curve in the road before it reached the river, she sat down on the line and threw her shawl over her head like a tent.

Then, in the total darkness, she unwrapped her matches.

She had taken the precaution to wrap up with them a strip of sand-paper.

She drew a match across it.

For a moment there was a little flicker of flame.

Then it expired in the damp air.

She struck another, and another, with like result.

The fourth one burned until she touched it to the lantern wick, and then that went out.

She struck several more.

Some refused to ignite, and some died in a little sulphurous blaze.

She wondered how many matches she had left, and thought she would count them.

There was only one!

A shiver of terror and despair ran over her.

Must she fail now?

She tucked her shawl down about her, the more effectually to exclude all draught of air.

Then she felt out the position of her lantern wick, and with prayer for help she drew the last match across the sanded paper.

It caught, the flame took hold of the wood, and in a moment more the wick was lighted!

She sprang up, and rushed down the line in the direction from which the train must come.

The ruddy light of the lantern illumined only a little circle of the darkness about her.

But she felt sure it could be seen far up the line.

Hark! over the roar of the river behind her, and the wind and rain about her, she heard another sound.

The train was coming!

She swung the lantern wildly to and fro.

On came the train, nearer, nearer.

Would it never stop?

"Oh, God!" she cried, "save the train."

On it came; it seemed as though the noise would drive her mad.

It seemed almost upon her.

Then the wheels moved more slowly, slackened and stood still.

"What's the matter ahead there?" called a voice from the engine.

"Oh, George, George!" cried Jennie.

And the sound was almost that of a shriek.

"Oh, George, if I had been too late!"

Then the first she knew there was a crowd about her, and men were asking eager and excited questions.

What she told them she hardly knew; but she saw George's frightened face, and felt the clasp of his hand on hers.

She knew that.

Then she was conscious of being taken into a car, among frightened, white-faced women, and then her torn and drenched garments were removed and dry ones put on her.

And mothers pressed their children to their bosoms, and then came and kissed her, with wet eyes, and she was a heroine and she hardly knew how it all came about.

The train was run across the river and stopped there.

Then a posse of men set out for the place where the villains were lying in wait.

The James Boys were unprepared for this mishap.

Their calculations had failed.

Wonder at the stoppage of the train was depicted on every countenance.

A fight short but desperate took place between the robbers and the men from the train.

Jesse James had been struck to the ground, and two men were kneeling on him with their hands clutched tight around his throat.

"Take him prisoner!" shouted out one of the passengers who was a judge.

"Yes!" called one of the men who was strangling Jesse.

"but it will be a dead one."

"Bang!" sounded out on the air.

The man who had his fingers imbedded in the throat of Jesse uttered a sharp cry.

His bony fingers released their hold and the burly form rolled over on the grass, a stream of blood spurted from his breast.

Again the revolver flashed, followed by a cry of pain from the other assailant, who darted madly away down the hill, his right arm hanging useless at his side.

Reeling forward almost fainting, a girl sank beside the form of Jesse James.

"My God, have they murdered you, my poor darling!" she wailed.

The bandit, dazed and weak for the moment, struggled to a sitting posture.

"Good Heaven! is it you Sadie?" he exclaimed in amazement. Then he noticed the stark form beside him. "You have killed one of the men surely. Sadie, you have saved my life."

The maiden sprang to her feet.

Now that she knew her lover was unharmed, all her old strength returned.

"It seems that I was lucky enough to help you, Jesse. That brute is dead, is he?"

"I fear so."

"Fear so. Well, I don't then. If I hadn't shot him I would have killed you."

"He would indeed."

"The other villain has escaped."

"So it seems."

Sadie Green had by some means followed her lover and had overtaken him, just when her services were so useful.

The fight was over.

The James Boys had miserably failed in their plot.

Foiled by one girl, and Jesse James saved by another.

One man had been taken prisoner by the bandits.

It was found that he was a judge.

"Now, judge," said Jesse James "I shall want a heavy ransom for you."

"Oh, sir, spare me, I am poor."

"Not too poor to pay what I demand."

"What is it?"

"Swear that you will not attempt to leave here for two hours after we do."

"I swear."

"Now I want you to marry me to this dear girl of mine."

"Oh, Jesse," said Sadie, "what do you mean?"

"Why, dearest, you killing that fellow makes you one of us and the only safety is to give me the right to protect you. Judge I free you if you will perform the marriage ceremony."

"I will! What are the names?"

"Jesse James—"

"My God," interrupted the judge; "what! the terrible bandit?"

"Silence! Jesse James and Sadie Green."

The marriage ceremony was performed on the field stained with blood and Sadie Green became the wife of her notorious lover.

## SCENE XI.

### ESCAPE FROM JAIL.

Ned Miles was missing. He had been taken prisoner and conveyed to Louisville.

Ned Miles had made for himself a reputation as a prisoner.



and had often boasted that there was no prison tough to keep him.

authorities at Louisville knew this, and not only put one of the strongest cells, but heavily manacled cell.

"then," said Ned, "I will try and astonish the nation by being hanged though if it isn't a hard job."

His first move was to free himself from his handcuffs.

He accomplished by holding the chain that connected only between his teeth, and squeezing his fingers as together as possible, succeeded in drawing his wrists from the manacles. He next twisted the heavy gyves round and round, and partly by main strength, partly by a sudden and well applied jerk, snapped asunder the center by which they were attached to the padlock. Taking his stockings, he then drew up the basils as far as he could, and tied the fragments of the broken chain to his ankles to prevent them from clanking, and impeding his future progress.

He then began to look around him.

He found the wall, as he suspected, solidly constructed of brick and stone; and with the slight and inadequate tools he possessed, it was a work of infinite labor and skill to get out a single brick. That done, however, he was well satisfied that the rest would be comparatively easy, and as he had the brick to the ground, he exclaimed, triumphantly: "The first step is taken—the main difficulty is overcome." Encouraged by this trifling success, he proceeded with fresh energy, and the rapidity of his progress was proclaimed by the falling of bricks, stone and mortar which before long covered the floor. At the expiration of an hour, by dint of unrelenting exertion, he had made so large a breach in the wall that he could stand upright in it.

Working thus for another quarter of an hour without being sensible of fatigue, though he was stifled by clouds of dust which his exertions raised, he had made a breach about three feet wide, and six high, and uncovered an iron bar. Grasping it firmly with both hands, he quickly pulled it from the stones in which it was morticed, and set it to the ground. On examination, it proved to be a flat iron, nearly a yard in length, and more than an inch thick. "A capital instrument for my purpose," thought he, shouldering it, "and worth all the trouble I have had in getting it."

He then got into the chimney and climbed up to the next story. His only chance of escape consisted in getting to the top of the other side of the yard, and to do this, he would have to pass through three strong rooms. He did not take Ned Miles long to make a hole, now that he had a good iron bar.

He was speedily in another cell.

While stepping across this room, some sharp point in the floor struck his foot, and, stopping to examine it, he found that the wound had been inflicted by a long rusty nail, which had been picked from the boards. Totally disregarding the pain, he picked up the nail and reserved it for future use. Nor was he long in making it available.

On examining the door, he found it secured by a large iron lock, which he endeavored to pick with the nail he had picked up; but all his efforts proving ineffectual; he removed the plate that covered it with the bar, and with his fingers succeeded in drawing back the bolt.

Pressing on, his progress was soon checked by a strong iron bar, several inches in thickness, and nearly as wide as the door. Running his hand carefully over it in search of a weak spot, he perceived, to his dismay, that it was fastened on the other side. After several vain attempts to burst it open, he resolved, as a last alternative, to break through the wall nearest to the lock. This was a more serious task than he anticipated. The wall was of considerable thickness, and built altogether of stone; and the noise he was compelled to make in using the heavy bar, which brought sparks from every splinter he struck off, was so great that he feared it must be heard.

After half an hour's labor, during which he was obliged more than once to pause to regain breath, sufficed to make a hole large enough to allow a passage for his arm up to the elbow. In this way he was able to force back a ponderous bolt from its socket; and to his unspeakable joy, found that the door instantly yielded.

Once more cheered by daylight, he hastened along. He soon reached the ladder which led up to the scuttle on the roof.

"By Old Harry," he said, "I've been quick about it."

He had a perilous drop to make but liberty was sweet, and Ned Miles would risk considerably more than a twenty foot fall to escape a long imprisonment.

Fortunately he knew a friend in Louisville.

To his house he repaired, got his chains filed off, and then borrowed some money.

In an hour, having disguised himself by shaving off his beard, he was in the train on the Louisville, Elizabeth and Paducah railroad, bound for the latter place where he knew he could speedily rejoin his pals.

The next day the people of Louisville were entertained with highly seasoned accounts of the escape of the bandit and prison-breaker.

Search was made for Ned, but as we have seen he managed to get a clear field.

## SCENE XII.

### THE STORMING OF THE HOMESTEAD.

Jesse James was proud of his wife. Well he might be.

She had saved his life twice.

There was not a braver, nor, in reality, a better girl than Sadie, the prairie flower.

As the wife of the notorious Jesse James, she was happy.

Her life had been one of misery since her lover's escape through the subterranean passage.

Her father had been suspected of harboring the outlaws, and she had been accused of being the sweetheart of Jesse James.

The only way to escape the persecutions was, her father said, to marry the sheriff, who was anxious to make her his wife.

This she would never consent to, and, taking what little money she possessed, she left home and followed her lover, arriving, as we have seen, at a moment when she could save his life.

Jesse determined to take his wife to his mother's house for a time, and so we find him on his way to Liberty, in Clay County, Mo.

There was joy in the house of Doctor Samuels when Jesse returned home.

His step-father had no sympathy with his lawlessness, but he loved the man for all that.

Jesse's wife, Sadie, was soon the pet and idol of the Samuel family.

Domestic repose and comfort was not long to be enjoyed by the outlaw.

The third day, or rather night, Jesse and his wife had retired to rest, when they were aroused by the sound of horses' feet.

Doctor Samuels called through the window as the horseman stopped:

"What do you want?"

"Doctor Samuels," was the reply.

"I am Doctor Samuels."

"Come down."

"What do you want?"

"We want to come in."

"You must excuse me, but the night is cold, and we are all in bed."

"Open the door, doctor."

"I shall not."

"In the name of the law, open!"

"Who are you?"

"I am Sheriff of Clay County."

"Well?"

"We have come for a man who is now in your house."

"A man?" asked Doctor Samuels, with astonishment.

"Yes. Jesse James is the man's name."

"He is not here."

"He is."

"Jesse James is with his wife in Kentucky," said Mrs. Samuels.

"I don't like to contradict a lady," courteously said the sheriff, "but Jesse James is in your house."

"Liar," was the unlady like response of Mrs. Samuel's.

"Open the door or I'll break it in."

"What am I to do?" asked the doctor of his step-son.



and crawled out upon the network of iron and wood which stretched between her and death.

Below the water rushed with deafening roar. The wind seemed to concentrate its fury, and try to tear her from the rail to which she clung so desperately.

More than once she felt as if her strength was failing her, and her head began to swim.

Then she thought of George, and the lives she might save if she kept on, and she clung to the rail with a grasp of iron, determined that she would not give up.

Before the bridge was crossed her knees were bleeding, and her dress was torn to pieces.

But she did not stop to think of that.

At last—it seemed to her that she had crawled on hands and feet for miles and miles—she put out her hand and touched solid earth.

"Oh, I am across the river, safe," she cried, and her courage rose with the thought that the greatest danger was past.

She groped her way up the line as rapidly as possible.

When she thought she had gone far enough to be out of sight of the men, because of the curve in the road before it reached the river, she sat down on the line and threw her shawl over her head like a tent.

Then, in the total darkness, she unwrapped her matches.

She had taken the precaution to wrap up with them a strip of sand-paper.

She drew a match across it.

For a moment there was a little flicker of flame.

Then it expired in the damp air.

She struck another, and another, with like result.

The fourth one burned until she touched it to the lantern wick, and then that went out.

She struck several more.

Some refused to ignite, and some died in a little sulphurous blaze.

She wondered how many matches she had left, and thought she would count them.

There was only one!

A shiver of terror and despair ran over her.

Must she fail now?

She tucked her shawl down about her, the more effectually to exclude all draught of air.

Then she felt out the position of her lantern wick, and with prayer for help she drew the last match across the sanded paper.

It caught, the flame took hold of the wood, and in a moment more the wick was lighted!

She sprang up, and rushed down the line in the direction from which the train must come.

The ruddy light of the lantern illumined only a little circle of the darkness about her.

But she felt sure it could be seen far up the line.

Hark! over the roar of the river behind her, and the wind and rain about her, she heard another sound.

The train was coming!

She swung the lantern wildly to and fro.

On came the train, nearer, nearer.

Would it never stop?

"Oh, God!" she cried, "save the train."

On it came; it seemed as though the noise would drive her mad.

It seemed almost upon her.

Then the wheels moved more slowly, slackened and stood still.

"What's the matter ahead there?" called a voice from the engine.

"Oh, George, George!" cried Jennie.

And the sound was almost that of a shriek.

"Oh, George, if I had been too late!"

Then the first she knew there was a crowd about her, and men were asking eager and excited questions.

What she told them she hardly knew; but she saw George's frightened face, and felt the clasp of his hand on hers.

She knew that.

Then she was conscious of being taken into a car, among frightened, white-faced women, and then her torn and drenched garments were removed and dry ones put on her.

And mothers pressed their children to their bosoms, and then came and kissed her, with wet eyes, and she was a heroine and she hardly knew how it all came about.

The train was run across the river and stopped there.

Then a posse of men set out for the place where the villains were lying in wait.

The James Boys were unprepared for this mishap. Their calculations had failed.

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A fight short but desperate took place between the robbers and the men from the train.

Jesse James had been struck to the ground, and two men were kneeling on him with their hands clutched tight around his throat.

"Take him prisoner!" shouted out one of the passengers who was a judge.

"Yes!" called one of the men who was strangling Jesse, "but it will be a dead one."

"Bang!" sounded out on the air.

The man who had his fingers imbedded in the throat. Jesse uttered a sharp cry.

His bony fingers released their hold and the burly man rolled over on the grass, a stream of blood spurted from his breast.

Again the revolver flashed, followed by a cry of pain from the other assailant, who darted madly away down the line, his right arm hanging useless at his side.

Reeling forward almost fainting, a girl sank beside the form of Jesse James.

"My God, have they murdered you, my poor darling," she wailed.

The bandit, dazed and weak for the moment, struggled to a sitting posture.

"Good Heaven! is it you Sadie?" he exclaimed in amazement. Then he noticed the stark form beside him. "You have killed one of the men surely. Sadie, you have saved my life."

The maiden sprang to her feet.

Now that she knew her lover was unharmed, all her strength returned.

"It seems that I was lucky enough to help you, Jesse. That brute is dead, is he?"

"I fear so."

"Fear so. Well, I don't then. If I hadn't shot him, I would have killed you."

"He would indeed."

"The other villain has escaped."

"So it seems."

Sadie Green had by some means followed her lover and had overtaken him, just when her services were so useful. The fight was over.

The James Boys had miserably failed in their plot.

Foiled by one girl, and Jesse James saved by another.

One man had been taken prisoner by the bandits.

It was found that he was a judge.

"Now, judge," said Jesse James "I shall want a heavy ransom for you."

"Oh, sir, spare me, I am poor."

"Not too poor to pay what I demand."

"What is it?"

"Swear that you will not attempt to leave here for 24 hours after we do."

"I swear."

"Now I want you to marry me to this dear girl of mine."

"Oh, Jesse," said Sadie, "what do you mean?"

"Why, dearest, you killing that fellow makes you one of us and the only safety is to give me the right to protect you. Judge I free you if you will perform the marriage ceremony."

"I will! What are the names?"

"Jesse James—"

"My God," interrupted the judge; "what! the terrible bandit?"

"Silence! Jesse James and Sadie Green."

The marriage ceremony was performed on the field stair with blood and Sadie Green became the wife of her notorious lover.

## SCENE XI.

### ESCAPE FROM JAIL.

Ned Miles was missing. He had been taken prisoner, conveyed to Louisville.

Ned Miles had made for himself a reputation as a prisoner.



breaker, and had often boasted that there was no prison strong enough to keep him.

The authorities at Louisville knew this, and not only put him into one of the strongest cells, but heavily manacled him as well.

"Now, then," said Ned, "I will try and astonish the natives. I'll be hanged though if it isn't a hard job."

His first move was to free himself from his handcuffs.

This he accomplished by holding the chain that connected them firmly between his teeth, and squeezing his fingers as closely together as possible, succeeded in drawing his wrists through the manacles. He next twisted the heavy gyves round and round, and partly by main strength, partly by a dexterous and well applied jerk, snapped asunder the central link by which they were attached to the padlock. Taking off his stockings, he then drew up the basils as far as he was able, and tied the fragments of the broken chain to his legs to prevent them from clanking, and impeding his future exertion.

He then began to look around him.

He found the wall, as he suspected, solidly constructed of brick and stone; and with the slight and inadequate tools which he possessed, it was a work of infinite labor and skill to get out a single brick. That done, however, he was well aware that the rest would be comparatively easy, and as he threw the brick to the ground, he exclaimed, triumphantly: "The first step is taken—the main difficulty is overcome."

Animated by this trifling success, he proceeded with fresh ardor, and the rapidity of his progress was proclaimed by the heap of bricks, stone and mortar which before long covered the floor. At the expiration of an hour, by dint of unremitting exertion, he had made so large a breach in the chimney that he could stand upright in it.

Having worked thus for another quarter of an hour without being sensible of fatigue, though he was stifled by the clouds of dust which his exertions raised, he had made a hole about three feet wide, and six high, and uncovered an iron bar. Grasping it firmly with both hands, he quickly wrenched it from the stones in which it was morticed, and leapt to the ground. On examination, it proved to be a flat bar of iron, nearly a yard in length, and more than an inch square. "A capital instrument for my purpose," thought Ned, shouldering it, "and worth all the trouble I have had in procuring it."

He then got into the chimney and climbed up to the next story. His only chance of escape consisted in getting to the roof on the other side of the yard, and to do this, he would have to pass through three strong rooms.

It did not take Ned Miles long to make a hole, now that he had a good iron bar.

He was speedily in another cell.

In stepping across this room, some sharp point in the floor pierced his foot, and, stopping to examine it, he found that the wound had been inflicted by a long rusty nail, which projected from the boards. Totally disregarding the pain, he picked up the nail and reserved it for future use. Nor was he long in making it available.

On examining the door, he found it secured by a large rusty lock, which he endeavored to pick with the nail he had acquired; but all his efforts proving ineffectual; he removed the plate that covered it with the bar, and with his fingers contrived to draw back the bolt.

Hurrying on, his progress was soon checked by a strong door, several inches in thickness, and nearly as wide as the passage. Running his hand carefully over it in search of the lock, he perceived, to his dismay, that it was fastened on the other side. After several vain attempts to burst it open, he resolved, as a last alternative, to break through the wall in the part nearest to the lock. This was a more serious task than he anticipated. The wall was of considerable thickness, and built altogether of stone; and the noise he was compelled to make in using the heavy bar, which brought sparks with every splinter he struck off, was so great that he feared it must be heard.

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He had a perilous drop to make but liberty was sweet, and Ned Miles would risk considerably more than a twenty foot fall to escape a long imprisonment.

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To his house he repaired, got his chains filed off, and then borrowed some money.

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Her father had been suspected of harboring the outlaws, and she had been accused of being the sweetheart of Jesse James.

The only way to escape the persecutions was, her father said, to marry the sheriff, who was anxious to make her his wife.

This she would never consent to, and, taking what little money she possessed, she left home and followed her lover, arriving, as we have seen, at a moment when she could save his life.

Jesse determined to take his wife to his mother's house for a time, and so we find him on his way to Liberty, in Clay County, Mo.

There was joy in the house of Doctor Samuels when Jesse returned home.

His step-father had no sympathy with his lawlessness, but he loved the man for all that.

Jesse's wife, Sadie, was soon the pet and idol of the Samuel family.

Domestic repose and comfort was not long to be enjoyed by the outlaw.

The third day, or rather night, Jesse and his wife had retired to rest, when they were aroused by the sound of horses' feet.

Doctor Samuels called through the window as the horseman stopped:

"What do you want?"

"Doctor Samuels," was the reply.

"I am Doctor Samuels."

"Come down."

"What do you want?"

"We want to come in."

"You must excuse me, but the night is cold, and we are all in bed."

"Open the door, doctor."

"I shall not."

"In the name of the law, open!"

"Who are you?"

"I am Sheriff of Clay County."

"Well?"

"We have come for a man who is now in your house."

"A man?" asked Doctor Samuels, with astonishment.

"Yes. Jesse James is the man's name."

"He is not here."

"He is."

"Jesse James is with his wife in Kentucky," said Mrs. Samuels.

"I don't like to contradict a lady," courteously said the sheriff, "but Jesse James is in your house."

"Liar," was the unlady like response of Mrs. Samuel's.

"Open the door or I'll break it in."

"What am I to do?" asked the doctor of his step-son.



"Wait until you can detain them no longer and then when I command you, open the door," replied Jesse.  
 "Have you a warrant?" asked the doctor.  
 "Hang warrants—yes, for both Jesse and his wife."  
 "The devil! we're in for it," muttered Jesse.  
 "His wife? Why, what had she done?"  
 "Only a matter of murder. Open the door."  
 Jesse and his wife got ready for escape.  
 They stood close to the door, and Jesse whispered something to his wife.

Bang! bang! Bang! bang! went four shots through the door.

Jesse and Sadie had both fired through the thin paneling. The door was then flung open, and four officers rushed in. Two dead bodies laid on the ground outside.

Bang! bang! bang!  
 Rang out a succession of pistol shots with the rapidity of lightning.

Sadie shot as though she had possessed the skill of Doctor Carver and the lion heart of Texas Jack.

Two more officers fell under the skillful firing of the outlaws. The remaining officers started to run for their lives. One more fell dead, the other escaped. Jesse and his wife got into their saddles, and soon were again on the wide expanse of prairie, not daring to call any place home. They were not destined to reach Frank James and the pals without adventure though.

Sadie had exchanged her feminine attire for a suit belonging to her husband's step-brother, young Ned Samuels.

Early the next day Sadie listened carefully and said, "Jesse, I guess we're pursued."

"I think so."  
 "Can't we avoid them?" asked Sadie.  
 "How?"  
 "Let us ride into yonder wood until they pass."  
 "They will track us."

"Not if we are careful. I have not lived on the prairie for nothing."

"Sadie my love, how can we escape them?"  
 "Let us turn back a few paces and then back our horses right into the wood."

"Well done, little woman."  
 Jesse and his wife did as she suggested and had scarcely got well into the thicket before three horsemen rode up.

"Halt!"  
 "We are sold," said the Sheriff.  
 "How?"  
 "Why, the devils must have hid in the wood and then rode out and across country."

"What makes you think so?"  
 "Look at these tracks they lead from the wood."  
 "So they do. I propose we go round the wood, we may get some clew to their hiding place."

Whilst the conversation was going on, Jesse and his brave outlaw wife made their way right through the wood, never dreaming that their pursurs would search the other side of the thicket.

Just as they emerged from the wood, they met the Sheriff and his two deputies.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said Jesse.  
 "Good-morning, sir," was the response.  
 "Quite pleasant riding?" continued Jesse, hoping to get into conversation, and throw the Sheriff off the scent.

"You are my prisoners," said the Sheriff.  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "That you are the James Boys, and are our prisoners."  
 "Never!" said Jesse, as he pointed two pistols at the astonished Sheriff's party.

Sadie followed her husband's example.  
 "Sadie, we haven't time to waste here!"  
 Bang! bang! bang! bang!

Four shots whistled out of the revolvers of Sadie and her husband, and two of them pierced the heart of a man. So the Sheriff's deputy was left alone, and he quickly struck spurs into his horse, and made the steed take rapid tracks away from the bandits.

Jesse and Sadie resumed their journey, and after two day's riding, found themselves with pals.

### SCENE XIII.

#### THE GALENA BANK ROBBERY.

Some few weeks after the return of Jesse and his Prairie Flower, the band determined that money would be exceedingly useful, and as a bank was the most likely place to find money, it was sug-

gested, discussed, and unanimously carried, that it was ad-

vised to rob the bank at Galena.

A few days were devoted to finding out the best and surest way to accomplish the plan.

Sadie James now became exceedingly useful. She resumed her feminine clothes, and, in accordance with the plan, rode over to Galena, and stopped at the bank.

"Can I see the manager?" she asked.  
 "Yes, ma'am. Please step in."

Sadie entered the manager's office, and her eyes wandered round the room, examining every corner.

"What can I have the honor to do for you?" asked the manager, when he entered.

"I am a young lady just come to live in these parts," said Sadie; "and, as I possess property, I want to know if I can open an account with you?"

"Certainly. I shall be most happy."  
 "What is the standing of your bank?"

"It is the best in the State," suavely returned the bank manager.

"I am thinking," continued the girl, "of buying some property in this neighborhood, and if I satisfy you of my position, how much could you advance, on good security, at a moment's notice?"

"Well, madam, we always have thirty or forty thousand dol-

lars on hand, which we could advance on approved security."  
 "Thank you."  
 "I will deposit eight hundred dollars just to open an account, and then will arrange for my business agent to send all my rents and dividends direct to you."

The bank account was opened, and Sadie walked out of the bank. Day after day she went on some excuse or other. One day she drew out half of her money, and the next she troubled them in a different manner.

Early the next day, Jesse and Frank James, Sadie James, and three others, rode into the town of Galena. Sadie rode to the bank, and was shown into the manager's office.

Jesse and Frank entered the business office. A cough was heard.

Quickly Sadie jumped from her chair, and presenting a revolver at the head of the manager, said:

"Utter a word, and I'll fire!"  
 The poor fellow was frightened.  
 "Give me the keys of the safes."

He felt in his pocket, and handed her a key.  
 "Where do you keep that gold bullion that arrived yesterday?"  
 "In the cellar," whispered the manager.

"The key?"

That also was handed to her, and then she coughed several times. Her husband hurried into the room, and she gave him the keys. The clerks were both covered with the revolvers of Frank James and Ned Miles, whilst the other members of the gang were seated on horseback outside, effectually preventing anyone entering.

When all the money had been secured, Sadie deliberately asked the manager for the key of a private cupboard. He refused to give it.

"If you don't, I'll shoot you," exclaimed the vixen.

The key was given, and Jesse took from the cupboard several bottles of Piper Heidsieck. Knocking the neck off one, he covered the manager with his revolver whilst Sadie drank the contents. He then drank one himself, and took the other bottles out for his friends. When all had refreshed, the order was given to tie each clerk and the bank manager to their seats, and gag them. This was done in a manner which would have puzzled any spirit through the Davenport Brothers to untie.

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"Wait until you can detain them no longer and then when I command you, open the door," replied Jesse.

"Have you a warrant?" asked the doctor.  
 "Hang warrants—yes, for both Jesse and his wife."  
 "The devil! we're in for it," muttered Jesse.  
 "His wife? Why, what had she done?"  
 "Only a matter of murder. Open the door."

Jesse and his wife got ready for escape. They stood close to the door, and Jesse whispered something to his wife.

Bang! bang! Bang! bang! went four shots through the door.

Jesse and Sadie had both fired through the thin paneling. The door was then flung open, and four officers rushed in. Two dead bodies laid on the ground outside.

Bang! bang! bang!  
 Rang out a succession of pistol shots with the rapidity of lightning.

Sadie shot as though she had possessed the skill of Doctor Carver and the lion heart of Texas Jack.

Two more officers fell under the skillful firing of the outlaws. The remaining officers started to run for their lives. One more fell dead, the other escaped. Jesse and his wife got into their saddles, and soon were again on the wide expanse of prairie, not daring to call any place home. They were not destined to reach Frank James and the pals without adventure though.

Sadie had exchanged her feminine attire for a suit belonging to her husband's step-brother, young Ned Samuels.

Early the next day Sadie listened carefully and said, "Jesse, I guess we're pursued."

"I think so."

"Can't we avoid them?" asked Sadie.

"How?"

"Let us ride into yonder wood until they pass."

"They will track us."

"Not if we are careful. I have not lived on the prairie for nothing."

"Sadie my love, how can we escape them?"

"Let us turn back a few paces and then back our horses right into the wood."

"Well done, little woman."

Jesse and his wife did as she suggested and had scarcely got well into the thicket before three horsemen rode up.

"Halt!"

"We are sold," said the Sheriff.

"How?"

"Why, the devils must have hid in the wood and then rode out and across country."

"What makes you think so?"

"Look at these tracks they lead from the wood."

"So they do. I propose we go round the wood, we may get some clew to their hiding place."

Whilst the conversation was going on, Jesse and his brave outlaw wife made their way right through the wood, never dreaming that their pursurs would search the other side of the thicket.

Just as they emerged from the wood, they met the Sheriff and his two deputies.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said Jesse.

"Good-morning, sir," was the response.

"Quite pleasant riding?" continued Jesse, hoping to get into conversation, and throw the Sheriff off the scent.

"You are my prisoners," said the Sheriff.

"What do you mean?"

"That you are the James Boys, and are our prisoners."

"Never!" said Jesse, as he pointed two pistols at the astonished Sheriff's party.

Sadie followed her husband's example.

"Sadie, we haven't time to waste here!"

Bang! bang! bang! bang!

Four shots whistled out of the revolvers of Sadie and her husband, and two of them pierced the heart of a man. So the Sheriff's deputy was left alone, and he quickly struck spurs into his horse, and made the steed take rapid tracks away from the bandits.

Jesse and Sadie resumed their journey, and after two day's riding, found themselves with pals.

### SCENE XIII.

#### THE GALENA BANK ROBBERY.

Some few weeks after the return of Jesse and his Prairie Flower, the band determined that money would be exceedingly useful, and as a bank was the most likely place to find money, it was sug-

gested, discussed, and unanimously carried, that it was adv. to rob the bank at Galena.

A few days were devoted to finding out the best and surest way to accomplish the plan.

Sadie James now became exceedingly useful. She resumed her feminine clothes, and, in accordance with the plan, rode over Galena, and stopped at the bank.

"Can I see the manager?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Please step in."

Sadie entered the manager's office, and her eyes wandered round the room, examining every corner.

"What can I have the honor to do for you?" asked the manager when he entered.

"I am a young lady just come to live in these parts," said Sadie; "and, as I possess property, I want to know if I can open an account with you?"

"Certainly. I shall be most happy."

"What is the standing of your bank?"

"It is the best in the State," suavely returned the bank manager.

"I am thinking," continued the girl, "of buying some property in this neighborhood, and if I satisfy you of my position, how much could you advance, on good security, at a moment's notice?"

"Well, madam, we always have thirty or forty thousand dollars on hand, which we could advance on approved security."

"Thank you."

"I will deposit eight hundred dollars just to open an account, and then will arrange for my business agent to send all my rents and dividends direct to you."

The bank account was opened, and Sadie walked out of the bank. Day after day she went on some excuse or other. One day she drew out half of her money, and the next she troubled them in a different manner.

Early the next day, Jesse and Frank James, Sadie James, and three others, rode into the town of Galena. Sadie rode to the bank and was shown into the manager's office.

Jesse and Frank entered the business office. A cough was heard.

Quickly Sadie jumped from her chair, and presenting a revolver at the head of the manager, said:

"Utter a word, and I'll fire!"

The poor fellow was frightened.

"Give me the keys of the safes."

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"Where do you keep that gold bullion that arrived yesterday?"

"In the cellar," whispered the manager.

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When all the money had been secured, Sadie deliberately asked the manager for the key of a private cupboard. He refused to give it.

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The key was given, and Jesse took from the cupboard several bottles of Piper Heidsieck. Knocking the neck off one, he covered the manager with his revolver whilst Sadie drank the contents. He then drank one himself, and took the other bottles out for his friends. When all had refreshed, the order was given to tie each clerk and the bank manager to their seats, and gag them. This was done in a manner which would have puzzled any spirit through the Davenport Brothers to untie.

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One day Frank James entered the boat to cross. Instead of going straight across, however, the ferryman pulled the boat down the stream.

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"Can't land at the old place," growled the detective.

He had not gone far when he pulled out a revolver, and pointing it at Frank, said:

"You are my prisoner, Frank James."



"No, I am not."

"Bang!" went the pistol.

The bullet was wide of the mark, but the surprise at the action of the pseudo ferryman, caused Frank to rise to his feet suddenly, and upset the boat.

"Well, I'm sold!" said the detective. "I wonder if he can swim?"

He was not long without an answer to this question. Ten paces or so from the boat downstream, the glittering expanse of the water was suddenly broken by a dark object rising to the surface. It was the head of Frank, who was swimming vigorously towards the shore in the moonlight.

Aided by the current he was making his way famously towards the shore of the island which was the nearest.

"Confound it! he swims like a shark after a nigger," said Detective Whicher; "but he's not clear yet."

A couple of powerful strokes shot the boat in the direction of the swimmer. Just as he reached him, Whicher sprang up again, and, raising one of the oars, aimed a blow at his enemy's head. The blow merely fell on the water, which flew up in a shower of glittering pearls. Frank James had dived again as it descended. The boat, with the impulse of Whicher's strokes still on her, shot past the spot to some distance.

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Again the boat came up with him, and Whicher raised his oar. Again he made a desperate effort and dived. The detective uttered a tremendous oath.

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